

THE BIG BLUE UNION.

BY G. D. SWEARINGEN.

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its Way."

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Wayside Flowers.

"Still, in thy dream-land, Poet,
Oh, what a Heaven of beauty lies;
Fairer than the blindest glories
Of a thousand sunset skies.
Meads and vales of tempo stretching
(Heath soft, skies of changeful blue,
O'er whose velvet sod are clustered
Floral Gems and Pearls of dew."

"LIST OF THE KILLED."

Mothers who sit in dumb terror and dread,
Holding that terrible list,
Fearing to look lest you see 'mid the dead
The name of the boy you have loved—

Kissed 'em as those who in anguish and pain,
Kissed precious faces of clay,
Even as you would had you shuddering lain
That dear one in grave-robes away.

I pity you sitting with faces so white,
Striving to parry the blow;
I know how that name will torture your sight,
Can fathom the depth of your woe.

By the pang that rent my desolate heart,
By the crushing weight of despair,
I know how you too will shudder and start,
Reading that dear name there.

I know you'll hush that passionate cry,
Thinking of him as he lies,
With beautiful face upturned to the sky,
Death veiling the glorious eyes.

"Fighting he fell!" Does a feeling of pride
Lighten your grief as you think
How brave was the boy that went from your side—
How he would not falter or shrink?

The mother's love triumphs. Men call women weak—
Ah, well, perhaps it is so!
I know there are tears 'em now on my cheek
For the boy that's lying so low.

I know that I start at each step on the stair,
With wistful glance turn toward the door,
Thinking, perchance, that my darling is there,
Peace, heart, he can come never more.

But still there's a thought that softens my brow,
Above there's a glorified lie;
And one day I'll hear with rapturous glow
The name of the boy I have loved.

[For The Union.]

FLORENCE VANE—SONG.

BY J. L. H.

Dear Florence Vane!
With eyes like the violets dotting the turf,
And neck as white as the foam on the surf,
And tresses of golden stain.

Fair and smooth was thy brow,
And rich variation mantled thy cheek,
And thy smile was winning—and I was weak:
A witch's power had 'st thou.

Tell me the depth of the sea,
Or the depth of the azure vault above,
Or the depth of the folly of passionate love,
So deep was my love for thee.

But the Spring came bright and gay,
And she left me and went to a distant shore—
She is lost to me forever more—
Why look she my heart any more?

Fair Florence Vane:
Ever when Spring flowers meet the lee
Will I weep for the love I have cherished for thee,
But I will not love again.

PARODY

Love's pocket triumph never crowned
A hope unrequited by a pang,
The grandest woe by thorns was bound
And Buppie wept before she sang.

Men dying unto their will—but wives
Beware a work so sad;
Why should they make what all their lives
The gentle dames have had?

A Dying Soldier Prays for the President.

The case of Private Scott, of the Yorktown army, killed in a fight near Lee's Mills, Va., on the 16th inst., is thus narrated by the correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer:

Never until we stood by the grave of the Green Mountain boys did we realize how much stranger is truth than fiction. Your readers will all recollect that last Summer a private was court-martialed for sleeping on his post, out near Chain Bridge, on the upper Potomac. He was convicted; his sentence was death; the finding was approved of by the General, and the day fixed for his execution. He was a youth of more than ordinary intelligence; he did not beg for pardon, but was willing to meet his fate. The time drew near; the stern necessity of war required that an example should be made of some one: his was an aggravated case. But the case reached the ears of the President; he resolved to save him; he signed a pardon and sent it out; the day came. "Suppose," thought the President, "my pardon has not reached him." The telegraph was called into requisition; an answer did not come promptly. "Bring up my carriage," he ordered. It came, and soon the important State papers were dropped, and, through the hot, broiling sun and dusty roads, he rode to the camp, about ten miles, and saw that the soldier was saved. He has doubtless forgotten the incident, but the soldier did not. When the 3rd Vermont charged upon the rifle pits, the enemy poured a volley upon them. The first man who fell, with six bullets in his body, was Wm. Scott of Company K. His comrades caught him up, and as his life-blood ebbed away, he raised to heaven, amid the din of war, the cries of the dying, and shouts of the enemy, a prayer for the President.

He was interred in the presence of his regiment, in a little grove about two miles to the rear of the Rebel fort, in the center of a group of holly and vines; a few cherry-trees, in full bloom, are scattered around the edge. In digging his grave, a skull and bones were found, and metal buttons, showing that the identical spot had been used in the Revolutionary war for our fathers who fell in the same cause. The Chaplain narrated the circumstances to the boys, who stood around the covered heads. He prayed for the dead, and paid the debt of duty to the noble heart. His noble heart was full of tears, and earth was rowdier than ever.

WHAT IS DEMOCRACY?—Forney's Philadelphia Press says:

We are justly called to account by a Douglas democrat, who goes for the war and against the rebellion, and who supports the administration in all its efforts to prosecute the one and put down the other, for speaking of the Breckinridge democracy. He says, with great truth, "there is no such thing as a Breckinridge democracy. There is a Breckinridge party opposed to the war and sympathizing with the rebellion, but this cannot be called a democracy. You might designate the slaveholding treason as a democracy with as much truth. When the democratic organization fell into the hands of the Breckinridge leaders, it ceased to be a democracy. The only combination now opposed to the war and in favor of the rebellion is the Breckinridge party." We accept the suggestion. Hereafter, let us refuse to give the name of Democracy to any man or party that devotes themselves to assaults upon an administration that can have no other higher ambition than to conduct the war successfully and to crush out the rebellion.

An eminent mathematician, a Professor of University College, Oxford, being challenged to find a rhyme to "Timbuctoo," promptly replied with the following irreverent verse:

If I were a catenary,
Or a parabola,
I should be a catenary,
Or a parabola.

Sweet Corn.

Every farmer should plant a small crop of sweet corn as early in the season as admissible, that is, the ground should be warm enough to sprout the seed immediately, and danger from the severe freezes past. A slight frost which kills the first leaves, will not materially injure it; new leaves will soon be thrown out. It is well to run some risk of frost in planting a small patch. If it should get killed, it is a small job to replant it and it is very pleasant and wholesome to have a few nice ears for boiling very early in the season. It makes the good housewife feel much better pleased with herself, "and the rest of mankind." To have plenty of such articles of fresh, green food with which to vegetate her table and the fare of her household, and especially to have them early. Green corn does not relish half so well after your neighbors have been in the enjoyment of the luxury for two or three weeks as it does when you have it as early as any body else; if not a little earlier. Neither do I believe it so good. It seems to me green corn is relished better, and is more wholesome food in June, than it is three weeks later.

The principal object of this article, however, was to mention a fact of which many do not seem to be aware, namely, that sweet corn should be soaked in warm water before planting. If soaked for a few hours, over night for instance, in warm water about blood heat, the shriveled grains will become swollen and it will quickly germinate and grow, while if unsoaked it requires much more time and is often uncertain to grow. Sugar Sweet Corn is the best variety for early, Stowell's Evergreen for a succession, or for drying or curing.

THE PLOT AGAINST THE PRESIDENT'S LIFE.—For a long time it was believed that an Italian barber in Baltimore was the Orsini who undertook to slay President Lincoln on his journey to the capital in February, 1861, and it is possible he was one of the plotters; but it has come out on a recent trial of a man named Byrne, in Richmond, that he was the captain of the band that was to take the life of Mr. Lincoln. This Byrne used to be a notorious gambler of the city, and emigrated to Richmond on the 19th of April, 1861. He was arrested on the 19th of April, 1861, on a charge of keeping a gambling house, and was committed to the city jail. He was released on the 19th of April, 1861, on a charge of keeping a gambling house, and was committed to the city jail. He was released on the 19th of April, 1861, on a charge of keeping a gambling house, and was committed to the city jail.

So Wigfall has revealed the Baltimore Orsini at last. What will your Videocq say to this? We are, nevertheless, grateful to Mr. Kennedy for his successful prevention of the schemes of assassination.—*Cor. N. Y. Post.*

It is the standing falsehood of Democratic papers that the ranks of our volunteer army are made up of Democrats, while the Republicans serve only as officers. They utterly ignore the fact that a majority of the Brigadier Generals appointed by President Lincoln, (so far as their politics are known,) are Democrats, as also that such Republican Governors as those of Massachusetts, Ohio, Illinois and Wisconsin, have given the Democrats the lion's share in the list of regimental officers. We simply don't believe the Democrats have furnished one half as many men in the ranks as the Republicans, else why do the Democrats brag so largely of their ability to carry elections? It appeared that when the New Hampshire boys on the Potomac voted that three-fourths of them were Republicans; and now the volunteers from New London county, Conn., have counted noses, and find that more than two-thirds are Republicans.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A NEW IDEA.—The Boston Daily Advertiser prints the following suggestion, furnished by a gentleman abroad respecting the disposition to be made of the Fort Denelson prisoners.

"I propose that they be exchanged for slaves, on the principle of Southern representation, five secessionists for three slaves, reversing the order of values."

Incident in a Hospital.

A correspondent of the Buffalo Courier writing from St. Louis, mentions the following touching incident which happened in one of the hospitals:

In another ward I saw a Tennesseean, whose cheek presented the pallor of death. I walked up to his bedside. His hand was trying to grasp some object that, in his fitful delirium, was pictured on his dying imagination. His lips feebly uttered the word "Catharine." I took his hand in mine; his eyes, that were rolled upward in their sockets, wandered around until he was able to fix their gaze on me. "Do you say something?" said I tenderly. He motioned me to put my ear down. "O my wife—Catharine—my children!" His breathing was short—his voice very faint. "How many children have you?" said I. He held up his four fingers. "What is your name?" said I. "William C. Brandon," replied he. "Where are you from?" I asked. "Doddsville, Jackson county, Tennessee." I was revolving in my mind if there would be an opportunity to forward intelligence of him to his family, when he said, "Will you write to Catharine? Tell her I—I thought of her and the children, I—I prayed for them—oh God! oh God!" I assured him I would endeavor to fulfill his request. I then talked to him about a Redeemer, and after a while he seemed happier. His looks spoke what words could not.

Probably 50,000 people have heard, and hardly less than 5,000,000 have read, Mr. Phillips' lectures this Winter, wherein he has repeatedly and explicitly stated that whereas he has been a disunionist, believing the Union to be a bulwark of slavery, he is now unequivocally and heartily for the Union, because he is satisfied that the Union cause is now inseparably bound up with that of impartial liberty. He has imposed no conditions, made no qualifications, but a hundred times said, "I comprehend perfectly that many of you Unionists do not mean emancipation; I realize that the war is not waged for emancipation; but I see further, that you will have to emancipate or be beaten, and am with you at all hazards and to the last." Such is the spirit, such the drift, of Mr. Phillips' war lectures, and such are the utterances which Democratic ruffians do their utmost to suppress by yells, paving-stones, and bad eggs. He who does not see that their hearts are with Jeff. Davis and his crew, can have nothing like a heart of his own.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

WHO IS JAMES G. BLUNT?—Kansas has recently been honored with two Brigadiers—Robert B. Mitchell and James G. Blunt. This latter appointment smells of fraud. With regard to this mysterious personage, the Leavenworth Times says:

Who is Jas. G. Blunt? This is the prevailing query, and one which we would like to be satisfactorily answered.

Who is Jas. G. Blunt? and what are his recommendations for a Brigadier?

Who is Jas. G. Blunt? and by what fatality has he received a commission which belongs to better men?

Who is Jas. G. Blunt? and why did the administration press this unqualified insult upon the people of Kansas?

Finally who is Jas. G. Blunt? Where did he come from? Why was he appointed a Brigadier?

How DO YOU LIKE IT?—This is a question which loyal men are asking one another now-a-days, when Kansas appointments are discussed. Fred Emery, the cold-blooded murderer of Phillips, at Leavenworth, in 1856, is the latest one, being appointed wagon-master at Fort Leavenworth. A border-ruffian secessionist stands altogether the best chance for preferment at the present time in Kansas.—*Atchison Champion.*

The Vermont troops in the army of the Potomac are to be envied by all their fellow soldiers. Their State has opened a bank account with each one of them, and regularly passes to his credit \$7 a month. This sum may be checked for by the volunteer if he is a single man. If married, it is paid to his family. If permitted to remain undrawn by the State Treasury for six months, the rate of six per cent is allowed on it.

John C. Heenan, the pugilist, accompanied by his brother, James Heenan, arrived in Liverpool April 3rd. The object of his visit is to fight a match with a certain English pugilist.

Mark Them.

Expelled secessionists are beginning to sneak back into Kansas, and those who remained here, cowed into silence, are gaining courage to snarl. There is a way by which you may know them. Throw up treason to them, and they will prate about the Democratic party. They will tell you that Democrats are in the army fighting for the Union, and that the President has had to call to his aid a Democratic Secretary of War. And yet, had these fellows been allowed to carry out their true sentiments, all those Democrats who are in the army would have been assassinated long ago, and there would have been no Government for the Democrats to assist the President in carrying on. Another cry of these traitors is "Abolitionist!" While pretending to be for the Union, they stigmatize those who are fighting the battles and sustaining the Government, as "Abolitionists." Ere long, if their necks are not wrung, we may expect to see the whole herd of banished traitors crawling out of their dark, slimy holes, like snakes on a warm morning, and hiss out at those who are fighting the battles of the country, "Abolitionists!" Yes, if they are encouraged, ere many months we shall find them advocating their favorite system of mobbing, tarring and feathering the defenders of the Union, for being Abolitionists!

Just such a party is now growing up in Kansas, and is every day becoming bolder, because, simply out of contempt for the poor, pusillanimous traitors, loyal people permit them to exist. Their chief organ is called the Leavenworth Inquirer.—The Atchison Union is trying hard to keep up with them. The Junction City Frontier was of the "same run of shad;" but, poor thing, it "waxed out" very suddenly, and its co-workers are sadly lamenting its untimely end. The Inquirer has for one of its publishers, a man who urged the mobbing and hanging of Free State men, in the dark days of Kansas, and who, but a year ago, supported a city ticket in Atchison, composed principally of men who are now in the Secesh army. Another of the publishers, after "winking out" at Leecompton, with the Buchanan Dynasty, published a secession paper at Atchison, less than a year ago, but was compelled to suspend, in consequence of all its supporters being banished for treason. The editor is a man who was gotten up expressly for a traitor, and he fills the bill exactly.

Such are the creatures who are sniveling about Democrats fighting for the country, and assisting to carry on the Government, and who are continually snarling out the (to them) opprobrious epithet of "Abolitionist!" at patriotic men. Mark them; for the time is coming when you will be compelled to do something more than mark!—*White Cloud Chief.*

LOOK AT HOME.—When once a home is regarded by the young as only a place to eat and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in a downward career. Young people must have a relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones it will be sought at other and perhaps less profitable places. Therefore at night make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents ought to understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour of merriment round the firelight of a home blots out the remembrance of many a care during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little inner sanctum.

The following rules of order have been adopted in a schoolroom somewhere down east, we believe. They are very strict, especially the second:

No chewing tobacco in school hours.
No kissing or hugging the girls in the entry.

No snapping apple seeds at the master.
No cutting benches with jackknives.
No novels allowed to be brought to school.

"Died poor?" as if anybody could die rich and in that act of dying did not lose the grasp upon title deed and bond and go away a pauper out of time. No gold, no jewels, no lands nor tenements. And yet men have been buried by charity's hands who did die rich; died worth a thousand thoughts of beauty, a thousand pleasant memories and a thousand hopes restored.

His real friend who dares